

THE AUTHOR:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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CELEBRITIES IN LITERATURE.

Many papers recently published the announcement that the widow of General Grant had been induced to write the story of the great soldier's courtship for publication in a leading periodical. The announcement had evidently been set afloat by the shrewd publisher of the periodical as a first-class advertisement, and no doubt it accomplished the desired result. Probably Mrs. Grant was paid for her little contribution ten times what the unknown writer of a good story would receive, and even much more than a writer of considerable celebrity could demand for a contribution of any kind. Whatever Mrs. Grant might write would be eagerly read. It might possess merit, but even if it were inferior, it would be of much more value to a publisher than an article of great excellence written by a comparatively obscure person.

The mere fact that Mrs. Grant was the wife of the conqueror of the rebellion would make any article of hers very valuable.

Every reader can recall the literary work that has been done by the wives of such famous men as Prince Albert, General Custer, Henry Ward Beecher, and John A. Logan, and the many articles that were written by P. T. Barnum, Admiral Porter, Joseph Jefferson, and other famous men whose writings have been the smallest of their claims to distinction. The advantages that these persons possessed over most other writers were great. They were known to the whole nation when they began to write, they had had greater opportunities of seeing life than most writers have had, their associations had been such as to give them more interesting and important material for articles than most persons possessed, the public were eager to see anything from their pens. Editors gladly welcomed their contributions, and even sought contributions from them, not a few of them first having their minds turned toward literary work by being invited, even urged, by these editors to write something. Their way to literary distinction was made easy on account of fame acquired otherwise than by the pen, and they had but to stretch forth their hands to gain that which obscure persons of equal or greater literary talent were obliged to toil years to obtain, or perhaps failed to grasp at all, after many efforts.

I conclude that at this time, when the ability to write well is possessed by many, or may be acquired by the kindly assistance of editors,—for I suspect that the articles of some well-known personages are not all their own,—persons who become distinguished before they attempt to write for the press are formidable

rivals of those who can hope to gain the favor of the public by the merits of their writing alone. The latter are seeking the good-will of editors; but the former are receiving flattering overtures from editors. Articles by the distinguished individuals are splendid advertisements for the periodicals in which they appear; articles by other contributors, unless they are very celebrated, are not valuable as advertisements; and, as in all enterprises judicious advertising has become an indispensable factor, publishers are simply following the modern way of doing business by pursuing their present methods.

But are all of the advantages with the distinguished persons mentioned? By no means. Writers who, unassisted by very favorable circumstances, do succeed in their calling may have the satisfaction of knowing that they have won by reason of intrinsic merit. On the contrary, the distinguished writers know that their success is not chiefly due to their literary ability, and that had they not had something besides authorship to recommend them, they would not in most instances have written much that would have attracted attention.

J. A. Bolles.

NEW MILFORD, Conn.

WHAT A YOUNG POET DREAMED.

Once upon a time there was a Young Poet; and she fell asleep and dreamed that she heard many things said of her; and these are the things that she dreamed she heard said of her:—

"She has the 'message to deliver.'"

"She is no poet at all."

"She is original."

"She has no originality at all."

"She writes strongly, and from the heart."

"She writes in a wishy-washy style."

"She should listen to advice and criticism, and thus strengthen her work."

"She pays too much attention to advice and criticism, and so loses her originality."

"She writes too boldly, and too much."

"She writes too timidly, and too little."

"She is 'written out.'"

"She has written a thing that was a mistake,

and she is too small-minded to acknowledge it."

"She wrote a thing that she regretted, and was actually fool enough to acknowledge it."

"If she would trust to my guidance, I would make something of her."

"If she trusts to every one who wishes to guide her, she will not amount to anything."

"She is a poetess of passion."

"She is not a poetess of passion; she is a true poet."

"She is a poet of nothing."

Then the Young Poet awoke, and said she: "Woe is me! I am between Scylla and Charybdis! If I look to either, I shall be dashed to pieces on the other! Therefore, I shall trust only to God and to my own brave soul to bear me safely through between the two. And to the one that liketh, I will give a smile; and to the one that liketh not, a tear."

Ella Higginson.

SEBOME, Wash.

SOURCES OF LITERARY INSPIRATION.

A noted New York journalist once said that, in order to be successful as an editor, a man must know more than any lawyer, doctor, preacher, business man, farmer, or mechanic. This applies with equal force to those who write for the press in any capacity whatsoever. But how is this variety of information to be acquired?

The two methods of gaining this end are to read and to circulate. In following the latter plan, persons are apt to make mistakes in not paying attention to individuals of humble station. An illiterate section-hand on a railroad may be very unattractive, but he may know a thing or two worth gathering up and remembering. When you are with an electrician get him started to talking on his profession, and he will pour out a vast fund of interesting information. If you happen to be interested in that profession yourself, so much the better. A railroad man can explain all the mysterious workings of a railroad better than an outsider. Chat with an engineer, and he will tell all about his engine. Some insignificant justice of the peace may have a treasure of information about human nature and the way it reveals itself in court. Get him once to open the doors of

memory, and you can get innumerable points. If you can once gain the confidence of a politician, he will nearly always reveal some of his interesting methods. The store-keeper, also, has some tricks that you can generally get in the course of a friendly conversation. The care-worn and over-worked street-car driver can tell some interesting stories now and then. Policemen and detectives always have a rich store of incidents in the back chambers of their minds. This list could be indefinitely extended, but enough has been said to illustrate the point.

In short, the professional writer must study everybody and everything, no matter how mean and insignificant its appearance. He must imitate the bee by gathering honey from the weeds and the flowers alike. To be a successful writer one must exact a contribution in the way of information from every possible source.

Albert Sidney Gregg.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF LETTERS.

Of the vast multitude of manuscripts offered to book publishers every year, probably 75 per cent. are worthless, or, at least, not worthy of publication in book form. H. C. Bunner, of *Puck*, and I. M. Gregory, of *Judge*, say they decline at least 90 per cent. of all matter offered them for publication. The monthly magazines decline even a higher percentage.

"Out of one thousand published books, six hundred never pay the cost of printing; two hundred just pay expenses; one hundred return a slight profit; and only one hundred show a substantial return. Of these one thousand books, six hundred and fifty are forgotten by the end of the year, and one hundred and fifty more at the end of three years; only fifty survive seven years' publicity. Of the fifty thousand publications put forth in the seventeenth century, hardly more than fifty have a great reputation and are reprinted. Of the eighty thousand works published in the eighteenth century, posterity has hardly preserved more than were rescued from oblivion in the seventeenth century."

Rejected manuscripts are usually blessings in disguise, although the fact is seldom perceived by ambitious writers. Nine times out of ten the editor's judgment is sound, and though the young author

may berate him severely when he reads the hated words, "Declined with thanks," should he persevere with his pen, soon he will have advanced, until it will be plain to him that the editor's decision was wise, not foolish, after all.

Authors should learn to be their own editors. George Henry Lewes, one of the most thoughtful and precise of writers, when an article was once returned to him from the *Edinburgh Review* for revision throughout, found it so much improved upon writing it a second time that thereafter "he constituted himself his own editor, and returned his own manuscripts." That is, he wrote everything twice, and sometimes thrice, ere he thought of submitting it to an editor. Gray spent years in writing his "Elegy." He corrected it and recorrected it line by line, until, as Collier says, "its melancholy grace was the perfection of art." The brilliant Macaulay wrote and rewrote his long essays. "Eothen," an English classic of travel and romance, by Alexander Kinglake, was penned years before its publication, was revised carefully, and then was shelved for a long time before a publisher was asked to consider it. Bacon's masterpiece was written in early life. Twelve times he remodelled and rewrote it; and it was not until past his sixtieth birthday that he gave to the world the present "Novum Organum." In Disraeli's sketches on literature, he presents a facsimile of Pope's manuscript, which shows most careful revision.

I believe I shall be borne out in the statement that no production has ever enjoyed more than an ephemeral success that was not carefully rewritten one or more times. The poem that the callow youth sends to the editor with the high-sounding remark that he "dashed it off" is rarely of any value. This writing "on the spur of the moment" and on the "high wave of inspiration" may sound well, but such writing seldom possesses the qualities of long life. Edgar A. Poe, than whom there was never a more rapid writer, poohed this idea, and offered on a wage of \$5 to write a good poem in five minutes, and write it he did, but it was one he had carried in his mind for weeks, just as the youth-beloved J. T. Trowbridge is said to carry long poems, composed in outdoor wanderings, in his mind, and as did also Nathaniel Hawthorne. Indeed, nearly all writers, for that matter, compose lines and carry them about in their minds before transferring them to paper. But when Poe "dashed off" his "Jingle of the Bells" it was returned to him, and he was compelled to revise it, and change its form entirely before it met with favor.

Do not hold that labored ideas are the best — far from it. Shenstone's rule for good writing was "spontaneous thought, labored expression"; but even this is not always applicable. The original draft of the great romance, "Vathek," was made at one sitting. Samuel Johnson wrote "Rasselas" in less than a week, but it was not published until subjected to a thorough revision. Byron wrote "Mazeppa" in one night, but it took days to polish and finish it. The "Duchess," the favorite of "sweet sixteen," expresses the idea in a recent newspaper article, "What comes spontaneously is of untold value. It is always fresh, always the best of which the writer may be capable."

But the author who is not a merciless critic of his own work stands little or no show of success. It was Ben Jonson, I believe, who said, "Strike out everything you think particularly fine." This advice should be taken with a grain of salt, but at the same time, if you do not cut out and rewrite, the editor, if he should chance to discover among the chaff enough wheat to induce a decision of acceptance, will do it for you, and this is not always satisfactory. Francis Jeffrey, when he was editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, mutilated Thomas Carlyle's manuscripts until Carlyle must have torn his hair. Yet the dreaded "blue pencil" is a mighty good friend in disguise.

Some magazines, notably the *Atlantic*, are constantly on the lookout for fresh talent and material, and this magazine has the honor of having brought before the world Charles Egbert Craddock, Bret Harte, Amélie Rives, W. H. Bishop, and others.

A writer in an old *Belgravia* drops this remark: "I have an impression, which, I believe, is shared by many public writers, that the best articles are those that are returned the oftenest." For instance, Carlyle's "French Revolution," when offered to the famous London publisher, Murray, was sent back "with Mr. Murray's compliments and thanks." Such incidents are exceptions, however, not the rule. Ordinarily the manuscripts that are returned a number of times should never see the light. The writer mentioned defeats his own argument, a little further on, by saying that Macaulay had rejected manuscripts, two or three sets of them, manuscripts which have not been printed to this day. Macaulay was sensible, and did not try to force on the public what it did not want. He saw that, while fools never make mistakes, wise men do sometimes.

The *Youth's Companion* says: "We very often reject manuscripts that other publications accept,

and accept manuscripts that other publications have rejected." And this is true of all literary periodicals. "Jane Eyre" visited publisher after publisher, until it was literally dilapidated by the careless handling of editor and postman, before it found appreciation at the hands of the reader for Smith & Elder. Motley's "Dutch Republic" was returned seven times to the author; Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," it is said, a dozen times. Milton's "Paradise Lost" was equally unfortunate. The *Atlantic Monthly* refused Howell's "Venetian Life," now ranked almost as a classic. "Song of the Shirt" was rejected by three periodicals before Mark Lemon, of *Punch*, accepted it. When Hood sent it to this editor, he asked that it be destroyed if not used, as he was tired of having it sent back. Lemon published it, against the wishes of all the other members of the editorial staff. Gilbert's "Yarn of the Nancy Bell" was refused by the editor of *Punch*, on the ground that it was "too cannibalistic for his readers' taste," and Gilbert never lost opportunity after the poem met with success to ridicule the decision. Longfellow's "Excelsior," which the *Critic* once said enjoyed a wider circulation than any other poem ever written, was offered to the ignorant publisher of the *Ladies' Companion* for \$14, who returned it with an insulting letter to the writer. Edith M. Thomas got her poems back regularly from the magazines, until she chanced to interest Helen Hunt Jackson in her work, and then the magazines accepted some of the very poems they had before declined. Joaquin Miller offered his "Pacific Poems" to every publisher in London, reserving Murray (the son of Byron's friend) to the last, believing that, if all others failed, Murray would surely publish them. All others failed, and when he went to the great publisher, "with his heart beating like a pheasant in a forest," Murray would not even read his book. "Ay, now, don't you know poetry won't do?" he said. "Poetry won't do, don't you know?" Then Miller scraped enough money together to publish the book himself, anonymously, and six days later the *St. James Gazette* said that "Arizonian" was by Browning. In two weeks Miller was the lion of London.

Few writers have attained success without at least once experiencing the unpleasant sensation of reading "Declined with thanks." Dickens stepped immediately into fame by first getting the ear of the public with "Sketches by Boz," and then issuing "Pickwick Papers." Of minor well-known writers, Maurice Thompson and "Sidney Lusk" — Harry Harland — furnish examples of instant liter-

ary success. Thompson sent a paper on archery to *Harper's Magazine* about 1873, and received about \$300 for it. Sidney Lusk, with E. C. Stedman for a sponsor, had "As It Was Written" accepted without delay.

But with most writers literary life has not been all roses. Thackeray, after the long and laborious production of "Vanity Fair," disposed of it only with the utmost difficulty, after it had been declined by nearly every reputable publisher. Frank R. Stockton's productions, according to a newspaper, were long a standing joke in the publishing houses. He was persevering and hopeful, however, and at last the magazines began to print his productions. Julian Hawthorne's brilliant little romance, "Archibald Malmaison," was declined over and over again, and when it appeared, after seven years, it enjoyed a larger circulation than all of his other works combined. The readers for the Harpers unanimously condemned "Robert Elsmere" when the book was first submitted to them, both because of its length and because, being in a sense a religious novel, it demonstrated no new principle. Every one knows the story of "Mr. Barnes of New York," which reached such an enormous circulation. The story of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" is almost identical with that of "Mr. Barnes."

Some professional writers make it a practice to send their articles first to the high-class magazines; then, if they are declined, to publications maintaining a slightly lower standard, and so on down, until they find a lodgment somewhere. No writer who deserves the name writes anything, at this day of omnivorous reading, that he does not sell somewhere at some price. His manuscripts may come back to him time after time, but they will find a publisher in the end.

The reverse, however, sometimes happens. W. H. Bishop wrote for a little magazine in Milwaukee "One of the Thirty Pieces," a short story; but, acting on the advice of a friend, sent it instead to the *Atlantic*, where it met with a welcome. A second example is an amusing incident furnished by a young Western writer. At the request of a certain country editor, whose little sheet had a circulation of perhaps 500, he wrote a short Christmas story, called "The Niece of Barrios." It was written hastily, and did not present a very attractive appearance. The editor read it, and thought it was at his disposal without price. He returned it "with thanks" to the author. The latter immediately forwarded the story, without copying or revision, to the Harpers, who accepted it, and it ap-

peared at once in the Christmas number (1887) of *Harper's Weekly*. — Arthur C. Grissom, in the *New York Star*.

INTELLECTUAL WAGES OF WOMEN.

There are but two prominent occupations in which there seems no distinction of sex as regards compensation. One of these is the stage (including the concert-room), and the other is literature. Accordingly, it is said in the newspapers that the two women of this generation who have earned the largest incomes are Ouida and Patti. Even on the stage, I am told, there is a little difference in payment at the outset, and a "walking gentleman" receives a little more than a "walking lady." It is also true that the expenses of an actress, in the direction of costumes, are so vastly greater than those of an actor that the equality of payment is more apparent than real. Here, as elsewhere, the path of literature has especial convenience for a woman; pens, ink, and paper cost her no more than they would cost a man, nor does she require a very expensive toilet to meet her publisher or her readers. In the first stages of journalism her regular pay may be less than if she were a man; but when she enters the domain of magazines and copyrights there is absolutely no difference.

It is hard to say why the fact of sex constitutes no disadvantage in this sphere of industry when it is otherwise in so many directions, but the fact is unquestionable. Nobody seems to ask, so long as a book is readable or an article available, whether it is written by a man or a woman. Mrs. Burnett is said to stand at the head of our authors just now in her literary earnings. The *London Daily News* says that she has received for her American rights on the play of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" no less than £17,000 (\$85,000), and that if we were to add her similar profits in England and the proceeds on the "enormous sales" of this novel, the amount earned out of the book would be "quite startling." Almost as startling are the successes of women less conspicuous in literature. I know a lady who assures me that her first volume of poems yielded her \$1,000, whereas most poets of the other sex expect to make money, if at all, by their prose. I know another lady who wrote, at a venture, a story of watering-place life; it did not seem to me, nor (I am happy to say) to the author, a great production; but it went through twelve editions in six months. No doubt some men have equalled this success. The total sales of E. P. Roe's novels up to this year amounted, it is said, to 2,027,000 copies. J. W. Buel's fourteen books, according to the *New*

York Commercial Advertiser, have sold to a still greater extent, or 2,500,000 copies; one of them alone reaching more than half a million in two years. During 1888 his copyrights yielded \$33,000, and during 1889, \$50,000. Albert Ross tells us that his first three novels sold to the extent of 300,000 copies in a year and a half. These successes were attained, it may be said, by men; but their being men had nothing to do with it; the successes, such as they were, lay in the books, such as they were had these been written by women, the result would have been the same.

If the point is now raised that these successful books are not necessarily of the highest grade, we must simply answer that women, like men, must often make their choice between a cheaper success and one higher or more permanent. If they love literary work, — and that person is to be pitied who engages in it while finding it unattractive, — they will perhaps be willing to have the income a little less and the work a little higher. Literature is, no doubt, something of a lottery; but so are all vocations; lawyers generally admit that it is not necessarily the profoundest lawyer who gains the largest income; and physicians are often heard to bemoan the princely fees earned by quacks. An old English writer says that "learning hath commonly made the most by those books on which the printers have lost"; and no doubt the largest incomes are earned on the less intellectual occupations. Stuart, the painter, used to maintain that his grocer could at any time make more out of a single cargo of molasses than he could earn in a year by his art. — *Colonel T. W. Higginson, in Harper's Bazar.*

MAKING FRIENDS WITH AN EDITOR.

An editor can stand an immense amount of letting alone, and young authors who wish to cultivate his good-will ought to beware of what might be termed the "nagging" habit, a fashion of continually writing to ask questions of an editor, or to volunteer small bits of information.

He is always glad to look at anything you have to offer, if it is good; there is no need of sending a letter to inquire if he wants to read your article or story; send it along, and he will read as much of it as he cares to. You don't need to send an apology with it or an explanation of it, telling how you came to write it and what its moral purpose is.

The immediate value of a manuscript to an editor is that it serves *his* purpose, and he knows that far better than you can tell him.

It is a great mistake to inquire of an editor "What sort of contributions do you desire, and how much do you pay?" There is one comprehensive answer to these questions which every editor would gladly make once for all, if he could, to the whole writing fraternity: He wants the best of everything, and will pay for any manuscript what it is worth to him.

An author's particular fault lies not in wanting an answer to these questions, but in supposing that an editor — or any other one mortal man — has time to answer this and the hundred other questions that come to him in every mail. How much simpler — if you set a definite value on your story — to mark the price on it and send it. Better still, if you are a beginner, to leave it to the editor.

An editor is obliged, from the necessities of his work, to appear far less accommodating than he really is, and at times almost discourteous. The sending of "a stamp enclosed for answer" does not help matters much; it is not the postage that an editor begrudges his inquiring correspondent; it is the time involved in an answer, even to those queries that seem to come within his scope.

Still less is it allowable to trouble an editor with matters that belong solely to the publishing department, or to propose any sort of arrangement that will complicate the editorial with the business relations of his magazine. So much has been written on this subject that it seems amazing that any further light should be needed; yet there are numbers of intelligent people who write to editors, saying: "If my article is printed, please send one copy to John Smith, at such a place, and two copies to my address, at such a place." "If my story is accepted, I will subscribe for three copies"; or, "You may have the enclosed poem for two subscriptions, one to be sent to so and so, the other to thus and so"; or, "Please send me a sample copy"; "Please renew my subscription."

Of course, an editor does not shoulder these little burdens; he passes them over to the proper department, but the writer's name lingers disagreeably in his mind.

It is n't pleasant to an author to have his Christmas or Fourth of July story returned to him just on the eve of the anniversary, when it will be unmarketable for another year; yet he should send it so far ahead as to avoid this contingency, if possible. It does not conciliate an editor's good-will to say: "Please return this manuscript within one week, if not accepted." In offices where there is a large quantity of manuscript to examine, or where there is not a large force of examiners, it must be

"First come, first served," and your story may not be reached within the prescribed time.

If you are travelling, it is much better to have a permanent address, from which all letters may be forwarded, than to nag an editor every week or two with the suggestion: "After June 1 my address will be thus and so, until September 1, after which it will be at such a place."

It is hardly fair to demand an immediate acknowledgment of your manuscript. If it was properly addressed, it is fair to assume that it was duly received, and to wait patiently a reasonable time, either for its acceptance or rejection, without sending "messengers" after it every few days, saying: "Did you receive my story?" "Will you publish my story?" "Please let me hear from my story." Some offices, to forestall this annoyance, send an immediate acknowledgment of every manuscript received; but this seems merely to change the key of the impatient authors to: "You acknowledged my story, but I have heard nothing further. Have you accepted it?" "Will you print it?"

There are some authors whose manuscripts, for this simple reason, are invariably returned unread from certain editorial rooms.

It is not a question of an author's "rights" or "wrongs"; no one is more acutely sensitive than an editor to the ethics of the situation; he stands between the author and the publisher in a position little appreciated in spite of all that has been said about his duties and his trials. His natural sympathies are with an author, though his business compels him to hurt one every time he turns around. He realizes the injustice of the delay and uncertainty to which young authors are subjected, but he is seldom responsible for it, though he incurs the odium; it is the necessity of the case, and his good-will goes out to those who recognize this fact and refrain from increasing the difficulties of the situation. — *Wolstan Dixey, in Ladies' Home Journal for October.*

PROFITS OF LITERARY SUCCESS.

I know a young verse-writer, who is looked upon by the world in every respect as a successful poet. And she is. By that I mean you see her poems in all the leading magazines, and her acceptances outweigh the declinations. I have known her to have a poem in five of the best magazines in a single month. Every periodical reader knows her work, and she has her name on two published volumes of

verse. Yet I saw from her own memorandum book that during the entire year of 1889 she received not \$500 for all her poetical work.

Some will say, "But that is poetry." Very well; here is an instance in biography. An eminent biographer spent nearly three years compiling a work which, when published, only recently, excited the admiration of critics and public alike. It called forth columns of newspaper praise, — in one case a newspaper devoted one entire page to its review, — and there was not a dissenting voice as to the accuracy, literary style, and strength of the book. It dealt with a great subject and a great epoch, and the author is regarded as a great author. That man received exactly \$682 as the revenue of his three years' work, and the work has stopped selling. A London edition of five hundred copies was sold — a large sale, in sheets, of an American work of biography. The foremost English journals gave it pages of review. It sold in England exactly seventy-one copies.

Two friends of mine spent each of them the best part of the year 1888 in writing and revising a novel apiece. Both stories were published by leading houses during the early part of 1889. They were well advertised, skilfully handled, and both novels are, according to the popular acceptance of the term, successful — that is, they have been widely written about, paragraphed in the press from one end of the country to another; English editions have been printed of each, and to every literary person the names of both novels and authors are thoroughly familiar. Now, what have the authors received in hard cash for their year's work? I will tell you exactly: Of one, 1,700 copies were sold; no royalty was paid on the first thousand to cover manufacture, etc., and upon the remaining 700 copies the author received the regular ten-per-cent. royalty. The book sold for \$1. The net revenue to the author was, therefore, \$70. His typewriter's bill was \$61.50. Net profit, \$8.50, and the book has stopped selling. The other author was a trifle more fortunate in that his novel reached a sale of 2,000, all but five copies. Like the first, he received a ten-per-cent. royalty only after the first thousand copies. Unfortunately, he bought so many copies of his book for friends that, when his publisher's statement came, it showed a credit in his favor of just \$39.50. Had he typewritten his manuscript, the novel would have thrown him into debt. And these are but two of a score of instances within my knowledge that I could cite. — *Edward W. Bok, in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

THE AUTHOR.

WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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If you have not already sent the desired information about yourself for the forthcoming "Directory of American Writers, Editors, and Publishers," send it to the editor of THE WRITER at once. You are entitled to mention in the Directory if you have had a book published within ten years, or an article in a periodical of natural circulation within five years. There is no charge of any kind connected with the work. The Directory will be the standard publication of its kind, and for his own interest no writer can afford to let his name be omitted from the list.

"THE WRITER" FOR OCTOBER.

THE WRITER for October contains articles entitled "Book Reviews," by Eva Lovett Carson; "Pseudonyms," by L. May Heberling; "Grangerism in Periodical Literature," by Arthur Howard Noll; "Sending Despatches to Newspapers," by J. S. Ritenour; "Ohio Woman's Press Association," by Adela E. Thompson and Alice Williams Brotherton; "Unbusiness-like Methods of Editors," by Fannie Edgar Thomas; and "Hints for Story Writers," by T. J. Allen; together with the usual editorials, queries and answers, notes on the use and misuse of words, book reviews, helpful hints and suggestions, reference list of literary articles in periodicals, and literary news and notes.

A LETTER FROM MISS ALCOTT.

Many of your readers will, I think, be interested in the accompanying letter from the author of "Little Women." In order that they may understand the circumstances under which it was written, I will offer a preface: Some years ago several little girls in the village of Canandaigua formed a cooking school. With mutual accord they concluded to name the

organization after the "girls' own favorite, Aunt Jo," and forthwith the Louisa Alcott Cooking Club came into existence. The ambitious students of the cuisine art had their picture taken, and instructed their secretary to write Miss Alcott, informing her of their action, and inclosing the picture. This communication brought a speedy acknowledgment and a bit of characteristic advice from "Aunt Jo."

CONCORD, Mass., Dec. 29, 1886.

DEAR GIRLS: Miss Alcott is an invalid just now and not allowed to write letters very often, but she wishes to thank the young cooks for the pretty picture they sent her, and to wish them all success and a very merry Christmas.

She hopes that pastry, candy, and all fried articles are left out of their bill of fare, as those three things cause half the ill health of American girls. Good bread and all kinds of plain cooking are of use. Fancy things better be left to the French, and dyspepsia routed out of America by a new generation of women, who know how to feed themselves and families. A short lecture from Aunt Jo for the new year — "Lay it to heart, my girls."

LOUISA ALCOTT.

Jean La Rue Burnett.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.

QUERIES.

[Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to answer questions asked in this department. Replies should be brief and to the point, and they should always mention the number of the question answered.]

No. 64. — Where can I find a sketch of Hall Caine? Will some reader of THE AUTHOR kindly tell me?

L. F.

DENVER, Colo.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

Braddon. — Miss Braddon (whom people in her own circle know best as Mrs. Maxwell), that most prolific of all novelists, has a charming home at Richmond near the river, to which people think nothing of driving out upon Miss Braddon's "at home" day. It is an ideal home for an author, and rich in curios, Chippendale furniture, old china, pictures, rare editions, and, in fact, everything to delight the soul of an artist. Miss Braddon's plots are concocted in an upper room that she has turned into a writing den. The house itself is a great red brick structure, with a marble laid hall leading through the centre from another tile-covered walk that gives one entrance. Passing through the main entrance hall, one emerges upon a beautifully-terraced lawn that extends 200 or 300 feet, like a great piece of green velvet, toward the river. At the foot of the lawn is a stone tea house, resembling

an old Greek temple. The ivy clings lovingly to the old red bricks of the big, square house like a beautiful mantle, and long windows open from the drawing-room, that occupies one entire right side of the hall on the lower floor, directly upon the terrace. Miss Braddon is charming, but is not the least like what one would suppose the author of her novels to be. She is tall, strong-looking, with an honest, cordial, frank manner, that impresses one as pleasantly as does the firm and friendly hand-shake and welcome she gives one as she meets visitors at the entrance of her delightful Richmond home. She is one's idea of a strong, sensible, English wife and mother, totally devoid of romantic sentiments of the novelistic order. Her children are like herself, strong and healthy in appearance, and I should think also in character and disposition. They are fair-haired, and the boys are manly young fellows, who may possibly be heard of hereafter. Miss Maxwell, in a well-fitting cloth gown of tailor make, is the picture of a high-bred, well-mannered English girl. Miss Braddon, or Mrs. Maxwell, whichever you like, gathers, of course, hosts of interesting people, whose fame, like hers, has preceded them to this country. Like all literary or artistic gatherings, there are sure to be people in all sets and in every phase of life. Here one meets Oscar Wilde, who has grown stout and commonplace since he has forsaken the æsthetics, and that most charming of song writers and novelists, Hamilton Aide. Hamilton Aide is one of the most remarkable men, by the way, to be met with in London. He draws and paints like an academician, writes plays like a modern Molière, and dashes off songs and poems *ad libitum*. Many of his songs are as familiar as "Annie Laurie" or "Home, Sweet Home," itself, for they have been sung in every country where English is spoken, and are of such widely different character as to include "The Maid of the Mill" and

"Do you recall that night in June
Upon the Danube river?"

One of his plays that has recently been enjoying a tremendously successful run is "Dr. Bill," in which George Alexander and a clever company have appeared at the Avenue Theatre in London for months past. The same bright little comedy is shortly to be brought out in New York. — *Boston Herald.*

Bumstead. — Mrs. Eudora S. Bumstead, the author of many charming poems for the children in the magazines of the day, is a resident of Beatrice, Neb., where she has lived since her second

year. Her earliest attempts at rhyming were made when she was ten years old, and she received two dollars for her first poem, entitled "Signs of Spring." It was to John T. Trowbridge that the young poet owed her earliest encouragement in his kindly aid from the editorial desk of *Our Young Folks*. Mrs. Bumstead is of Quaker descent, and is said to be a perfect type of that people, having all of their kindness, simplicity, and aversion to show and sham. She is remarkably well informed, thoroughly analytic in mind, and generous, tender, and sympathetic in all her associations. — *Current Literature*.

Eggleston.—Near the mouth of Dunham Bay, Lake George, on its southern shore is Joshua's Rock—a great, bare, rounded mass of stone at the water's edge, carved and ground by the glaciers as in the remote past they slid into the valley and excavated the basin of the lake. The rock was christened, though not named, by Dr. Edward Eggleston, whose home has been on the lake for ten years. Dr. Eggleston has built for his home a rugged little castle, of the native stone, on a prominence overlooking the head of the bay from a grove of pines. The house stands near the home of his son-in-law, Elwin Seely, who owns a large tract of land on the lake. A few steps from the doctor's house is his library and study, built of the same stone and finished tastefully within. It commands a fine view, and conveys a sense of roominess and of quiet leisure calculated to arouse the envy of those whose homes and work are in the heart of the city. Here he spends all his time, except for a few months of the winter passed in New York, and does the most of his work. The doctor is now in his full prime, erect and vigorous, his figure stouter and his hair grayer than when he was a pastor in Brooklyn. His appearance with the mass of hair brushed up from the forehead is not unlike that of the Methodist minister in the Hoosier country where he began life. His recreation is taken in tramps among the hills, or in cruising on the lake, where his little Barnegat boat is well-known. Mrs. Eggleston, until her death last winter, was the doctor's sole assistant, and her place has been partly filled since by his daughters, Mrs. Seely and Miss Allegra Eggleston, both bright, cultivated women, who are interested in literature, and have contributed to it. The latest work of Dr. Eggleston, which he has just completed, and which will soon be published, is a novel treating, like Howells' recent story, of New York life. What he regards as the work of his life, however, and one on which he has been engaged for many

years, is an early history of the colonies. His studies on that subject have been from a later standpoint, and he now expects to devote his whole time to the preparation of this work. — *Boston Post*.

Fleming.—May Agnes Fleming was born a blue-nose up in St. John's, Newfoundland. Her literary life was mostly spent in Brooklyn. There she earned the distinction of being the best business woman among writers. She knew her value, and insisted upon having \$7,500 for each story that she wrote. Street & Smith paid it willingly, and made money by the transaction, since a public three millions strong was clamorous for whatever she wrote. Before her death, that same firm bought all her rough manuscripts at about the highest price ever paid for such matters. Some of them are still unpublished. The twenty that have been reprinted, after running as serials, have sold to the extent of nearly a million copies. — *The Epoch*.

Holmes.—Dr. Holmes during an interview and Dr. Holmes after one are two different persons. From the time he sat down to be "interviewed" until my notebook was closed he answered questions—no more; but the instant the pencil was laid aside he began to talk of other things with evidently much more relish than when he was speaking about himself. Perhaps ambitious young writers will take warning by an opinion he expressed—that there is little money to be earned by young authors from writing poetry, and that the poet should have some regular occupation besides that of writing verses. But what of the "workshop" in which I sat that sunny October afternoon? Many descriptions have been written of it—of its rich green velvet-covered furniture, its thick crimson carpet, its pictures, and ornaments, and books. But descriptions which go no further do not give the right idea of it, because the air of the room does not depend on these things. Apart from any effect of material or arrangement, one can perceive that the room is pervaded by dignified age, taste, and culture. I do not remember being impressed by any one feature of the room or its furniture, but the impression of the harmonious whole is very vivid. Dr. Holmes' writing table stands in the centre of the floor. It is large, and has a flat top, at which both he and his secretary can work; and, when I saw it, was in beautiful order—an object lesson for those who believe disorder a sign of genius. In his every motion it was easy to see that much of the vigor that wrote "Old Ironsides"—the first piece which called attention to the poet

in his youth—still remains. The eyes that have looked so long on the world still twinkle with fun, though they are somewhat dimmed by age. If any think that his work is done, they deceive themselves. They do not know the energy that may remain in a man after even eighty years of life, provided it be a good life, as his has been. — *Annie Isabel Willis, in St. Nicholas for September.*

Howells.—Harper & Brothers announce for early publication "A Boy's Town," by William Dean Howells. Aside from the fact that this is Mr. Howells' first venture in the field of juvenile literature, the story possesses especial interest on account of the many passages of autobiography which it is said to contain. The following extract, with regard to Mr. Howells' younger days, has been quoted from "Historical Collections of Ohio," to show the close resemblance of facts with some of those in the story: "When the boy was three years of age (1840) the family removed to Butler County, where his father published a newspaper, the *Hamilton Intelligencer*, and William, while a mere child, learned to set type. From thence they removed to Dayton, where the elder Howells purchased the *Dayton Transcript*, and changed it into a daily. His sons aided in the typesetting, William (aged eleven) often working until near midnight, and then rising at four o'clock to distribute the paper. The enterprise illustrated industry against ill fate. After two years' struggle, Mr. Howells one day (in 1850) announced to his sons that the enterprise was a failure, whereupon they all went down to the Big Miami, and took a good swim to freshen up for another tug with fate."

Korolenko.—The career of Vladimir Korolenko, the Russian author in whom so much interest has been excited of late, since the publication of his fascinating story, "The Blind Musician," illustrates the work that may be accomplished by a combination of genius and persistency, in spite of almost insurmountable difficulties. George Kennan says: "I knew Korolenko by reputation and by his work long before I made his personal acquaintance. The influence that he has exerted has always been on the side of liberty, humanity, and justice; and there could hardly be a more significant commentary upon the existing form of government in Russia than the fact that this talented author, before he was thirty-five years of age, had been four times banished from his home to remote parts of the Empire, without even the form of a judicial trial, and had twice been sent as a political exile to Siberia. If, he had been an

active revolutionist, like Lopatin, or even a writer upon prohibited subjects, like Chernishefski, his banishment to Siberia would have been more comprehensible; but he was neither one nor the other. He was exiled to Siberia as a result of a stupid police blunder. When, after years of hardship and privation, he finally returned to his home, he was called upon to take the oath of allegiance to Alexander, and to swear that he would betray every one of his friends or acquaintances whom he knew to be engaged in revolutionary or anti-government work. No conscientious or self-respecting man could take such an oath, and Mr. Korolenko, of course, declined to do it. He was therefore exiled by administrative process to the East Siberian Province of Yabusk, where, in a wretched Yabut 'ooloos,' he lived for three years, and where he made some of his character studies, such as 'The Vagrant' and 'Mahar's Dream,' that first attracted to him the attention of the Russian reading public. Perhaps we may trace in the sadness which pervades the touching story of 'The Blind Musician' that melancholy which must overwhelm one who has suffered as he has suffered. The book is written in such simple, ingenuous style, that we may look for the highest work from Korolenko in the future." — *New York Star.*

Macaulay.—The wonderful thing about Macaulay was the perfect footing of equality on which he seemed to place whomsoever he talked to. To me, a young girl, he would say, "Don't you remember?" as if I had one-tenth the information he possessed in his little finger! Sometimes I ventured to interrupt him by saying, "No, I don't," when he would quote title of book, number of page and line, and advise me to read some work I had never heard of. I have to thank him for what memory I possess, as he inculcated on me to trust to memory, and not to write down what I wished to remember. To please him, I learned his "Lays of Ancient Rome" by heart in very early days. He was very different from Mr. Buckle, who also had a prodigious memory, but gave me the idea that he considered himself, as he was, immeasurably superior, and that he talked a little for effect. Lord Macaulay was so kind and gentle in manner that I never felt how ignorant I was until he had said good-by and left me aghast at the quantity of subjects he had talked about of which I knew nothing. — *Mrs. Ross, in Murray's Magazine.*

Sangster.—Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, the editorial successor of Miss Mary L. Booth on *Harper's Bazar*, is a very busy worker. She was

born in New Rochelle, N. Y., but most of her life has been spent in Brooklyn, where she now resides. Her first distinctively literary work was done for the *Christian Intelligencer*, and she has done editorial work on *Hearth and Home*, *The Christian at Work*, *Harper's Young People*, as well as *Harper's Bazar*. Mrs. Sangster is about fifty years of age. She has gray hair, soft brown eyes, a fair complexion, and features that are irregular, but pleasing; she is tall and well proportioned, her fine physique and fresh color giving the impression of superb health, which she does, as a rule, enjoy. An expression of singular purity and sweetness seems, despite her silvery hair, to invest Mrs. Sangster with much of the charm and freshness of early youth. Her atmosphere is restful and genial. As one of her friends once remarked, "She always seemed to bring sunshine with her." The happy combination of the ideal and the practical in her nature enables her to write poetry that appeals strongly to the heart of the people and prose that appeals with equal power to their common sense; that makes her at once the true poet and efficient editor. As one of the compositors at Harper's aptly put it: "Mrs. Sangster is the best all-around woman I ever knew." Her Brooklyn home, like her personal attire, indicates the simplicity of her tastes. It is characterized by an air of comfort, culture, and refinement. She is very fond of Beethoven, Chopin, and Mendelssohn, as well as of pictures. — *Marie Merrick, in Phrenological Journal for October.*

Tennyson. — Recently, while roaming across Blackdown, I had the good pleasure to come across Lord Tennyson, who was walking out with his son on the hills. The poet wore the "slouch" felt hat familiar to us all in many photographs, and wore an indifferent suit of some pepper-and-salt mixture, cut loose and ill-fitting, according to the general fashion. In fact, his whole appearance resembled that of the aged farmer. I inquired as to his lordship's health, and was informed by his companion that the poet laureate "was very well," a remark in which the latter seemed to coincide by a little nod of the head. Since leaving the Isle of Wight, two months ago, he has been in excellent health, and from what the villagers told me I learnt that he had been seen oftener by them this summer than in previous years. Still, he is very seldom tempted from his retirement, and if he meets any excursionists or inquisitive persons staring at him in his tramps across Blackdown, will at once make his way back to his favorite woods. Sometimes a rude admirer will even go so far as to spy

in the windows at Aldworth; and it is told, though I cannot vouch for its accuracy, that on one occasion Tennyson caught some Paul Pry in the act, and flung the book he was reading out of the open window at the fellow's head. — *Pall Mall Gazette.*

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

A collection of all existing copyright laws and treaties is being prepared by G. Hedeler, of Leipzig. The first part, just out, contains the laws of Germany, Austria, Great Britain, France, Italy, Switzerland, and the United States. The pamphlet is printed in German.

Some of the best juvenile books of Horatio Alger, Jr., have recently been translated into Russian.

Will N. Harben, the Georgia novelist, author of "White Marie," is hard at work upon another novel at his home in Dalton, Ga.

"Tact, Push, and Principle," a work by William M. Thayer, the veteran and popular writer of juvenile biographies, has been translated into Italian, and is used as a text-book in the Italian schools.

William Perry Brown, the young Southern novelist, whose Tennessee dialect stories have attracted wide attention, has accepted a position as associate editor of the *Yankee Blade*.

It is said on good authority that Henry M. Stanley's book, "In Darkest Africa," has fallen almost flat in London. Published at two guineas for the two volumes, the publishers have been obliged to cut the price down to one, and Mudie's, the great circulating library, has hundreds of uncut copies on hand. Stanley himself, however, will not be the loser, as the £20,000 paid for the book will come out of the pockets of the publishers. Stanley will probably make £30,000 more on his lecturing tour, £15,000 being paid him by his American agents and the other £15,000 for his Australian trip.

J. Rose Troup, the senior surviving officer of Stanley's rear-guard, who was stationed to guard the supplies on the Emin Pasha relief expedition, is now in Boston, seeing about the American copyright of his most interesting book, "Stanley's Rear Column," which Chapman & Hall, of London, will bring out October 15, after endless litigation and injunctions from Stanley himself. The story of Stanley's expedition will be told from the inside by this English soldier, whose adventurous spirit carried him for seven years in the wilds of Africa: three years on the Congo, under the King of the Belgians, and for four years under Stanley himself.

Arthur C. Grissom, formerly president of the Western Authors' Club, is now the editor of the New York society and satirical paper called *Spirit*.

The Authors Club and the Fellowship have resumed their meetings.

The latest letter received from Louise Chandler Moulton was dated at Wiesbaden, September 26.

Henry O'Meara, of the *Boston Journal* staff, is to publish his poems in a volume called "Ballads of America and Other Poems."

Overwork has broken down Rudyard Kipling's health, and his physician has sent him to Naples to recruit.

Gustav Freytag, the most distinguished of German novelists, lives in the pretty town of Wiesbaden, where he occupies a handsome villa. He is now a tall, broad-shouldered man of fifty-eight, with a fresh, healthy color and fair hair.

Mrs. Lippincott ("Grace Greenwood") will soon become again a resident of Washington. She is now in New York.

General Lew Wallace has a royalty of fifteen cents from each copy of "Ben Hur" that is printed. His usual income from this source is between \$4,000 and \$5,000.

S. W. Foss is about to bring out a volume of his humorous and dialect poems. The book will be published by Potter & Potter, Boston.

Dr. Felix L. Oswald, the eminent writer on social and scientific questions, has built himself a house in Carter County, Tenn., in one of the wildest and most romantic portions of the southern Alleghanies.

Miss Fannie Aymar Mathews, the novelist, is also quite an accomplished elocutionist, and occasionally gratifies and surprises her friends by her vivid renditions of light comedy parts, in private.

Walt Whitman has received a letter from Sir Edwin Arnold dated at Tokio, Japan, September 4. Sir Edwin says: "My book will keep me busy during the winter. When I see it safely launched in England I shall feel like taking a rest, and travel rests me. When I am done with the work in hand, which now occupies every faculty of my mind, I may write a book about Japan. But we will talk that over when I meet you under your own roof-tree in Camden, where I expect to spend some pleasant hours during the summer of 1891. I am done with editorial duty, but I trust you may live to delight your many friends and write half a dozen books."

Miss Friedrichs, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was the first lady attached as a journalist to a London paper. She began her literary work by making translations, and is often sent off at an hour's notice to interview Prince Bismarck or report the proceedings at a foreign royal marriage.

The favorite novelist of the day among the women of Paris is Paul Bourget, a comparatively new writer. Six years ago he was practically unknown even to the people of the Latin quarter, where he lives, but to-day his slightest act interests all Paris, and his books are read with eagerness.

Edward Campbell Mason, of the Harvard Law School, class of '91, whose volume in the Historical Research Series, published by the University, on "The Veto Power," has recently appeared, is also an enthusiastic photographer, having a fine collection of views of the South Shore in the vicinity of Falmouth, where is his summer home.

M. Alphonse Daudet is now quite recovered from his recent illness, and is busily engaged on a new novel as well as a play. M. Daudet is now in his villa at Champrose, a rustic retreat on the banks of the Seine near Corbeil.

The "Guide Book to Books," which Mr. Henry Frowde (London) will shortly publish, is intended to give "the general reader" sound advice upon the best books in every department of knowledge. The total number of books recommended will be between five and six thousand. The compilers are E. B. Sargent and Bernhard Whishaw, who have secured the coöperation of a number of experts in various branches of knowledge.

Edith Thomas writes her sonnets in the exact middle of a little square of paper, in a very clear, fine hand, as dainty as her poems themselves. Clinton Scollard's Dobson-like lyrics sprawl all over the paper in a back-handed fashion, but still are legible. Sarah Orne Jewett's manuscripts are beautifully and clearly written, with almost no erasures, on small sheets of note-paper size, usually blue, because blue paper has no sizing and is light in weight. Lillie Devereux Blake's manuscript is a sort of whirl of ink and lines, a horror to compositors and proof-readers. On account of her advanced age, Lucy Stone's manuscript is hardly decipherable, but most of her copy nowadays is prepared by dictation. Colonel Higginson's manuscript seems illegible at first, as the letters are somewhat "baggy," but on a slight acquaintance it resolves itself into clearness and conciseness.

"An Imperative Duty," Mr. Howells' new novel, will make its first appearance as a serial.

Ruskin's authorized American publishers in future will be Messrs. Charles E. Merrill & Co. The new Brantwood edition will contain in each volume an introduction by Charles Eliot Norton, one of Ruskin's dearest friends and most sympathetic critics. The new English edition, edited by Mr. W. G. Collingwood, of Ruskin's poems, containing many hitherto unpublished verses, will run into two volumes, possibly three.

"Carmen Sylva," Queen of Roumania, begins her literary work before it is day. She disturbs no one, neither his majesty nor even a maid. She lights her own lamp, and works until the sun brings more light.

Judge Chamberlain's great legacy to the Boston Public Library is his collection of autographs. He is reported to have said that fifty years' work and \$100,000 would not reproduce it. He has been spending the summer at the Breezy Point House on the side of Mt. Moosilauke. His health is much improved, and he intends to devote his leisure to literary work of a historical kind.

Stead's *Review of Reviews* is a happy idea. Few people have leisure to search through hundreds of periodicals for all the articles worth reading. Dr. Holmes calls this time-saving device "A great convenience to scholars and the reading public." It contains extracts and abridgments from magazines and reviews, comments upon, and indexes of, their contents; a leading article summarizing "The Progress of the World"; a frontispiece, usually a portrait; a character sketch of some prominent man or woman; or a special illustrated article. It is now published simultaneously in London and New York, the Critic Company having charge of its American issue.

Justin McCarthy tells of his rejected manuscripts, which, one after another, he flung into a top drawer above his head. When the tide of his fortunes turned, and the same editors asked for manuscripts who had formerly declined them, he took a sweet revenge. He gave those editors no new manuscript, but with a long forked stick poked old ones from out the lofty drawer, and sent them just as they were for publication. Had he tossed them into the fire instead of that drawer, he would have destroyed matter worth hundreds of pounds to him. — *Literary World*. And many an author has regretted injuring his reputation by yielding to the temptation of printing immature work in just this way. — *Christian Union*.

Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, the skilled translator of Turgénief, has lately returned from Russia, and is now in Connecticut.

Edward Everett Hale is writing the biography of James Freeman Clarke.

Murat Halstead is a shining type of the working journalist. Every morning he is at the *Standard-Union* office in Brooklyn by 8 o'clock, and sometimes earlier. A dozen pencils have been sharpened for him, and he throws off his coat and plunges into work without any fussy preliminaries. He writes steadily until 1.30 P. M. The result is over half a page of strong, yet graceful, expression of editorial opinions. Then Mr. Halstead writes a column — often a two-column — editorial for his Cincinnati paper.

The statement in the *Worcester Light*, which attempts to show that Rudyard Kipling is Bruce, a Harvard student, now at Duxbury, Mass., has been ably met and refuted by E. Hamilton Bell, son of Clara Bell, the well-known translator, who says: "I have known Rudyard Kipling all my life. He is the son of an English artist, who was in charge of the Government Art Schools in Lahore, India. His mother is a sister of Burne-Jones. I have known of his writing for Indian newspapers for certainly five or six years." Andrew Lang's critical and biographical sketch of Kipling, illustrated with portrait, in *Harper's Weekly* for August, is charmingly written.

The *Critic* recommends the following books as a course of reading for literary students: Swinburne's "Essays and Studies," Ruskin's "Præterita," Peter Bayne's "My Masters," "Eminent Women Series," "Great Writers Series," "Adventure Series," "American Men-of-Letters Series," and "American Commonwealth Series," Brande's "Eminent Authors of the Nineteenth Century," "Great French Writers Series," Bayard Taylor's "Studies in German Literature," T. S. Perry's "From Opitz to Lessing," essays of Sainte-Beuve, J. A. Symonds, and Walter Pater's volumes on the Renaissance, Walter Besant's "French Humorists" and "Studies in Early French Poetry," Hueffer's "Troubadours," Henry James' "French Poets and Novelists," Carlyle's essays on the German and Scotch poets and philosophers, Gosse's "Northern Studies," Brownell's "French Traits," Matthew Arnold's, Thomas Huxley's, and Professor Tyndall's essays, Edmund and Clarence Stedman's "Victorian Poets" and "Poets of America," and E. R. Whipple's essays.

The Monist, a quarterly periodical devoted to biology and psychology, and published by The Open Court Publishing Company, of Chicago, made its first appearance October 1.

Arlo Bates, editor of the *Boston Courier*, who sailed for Europe early in September for rest and recreation, will return to his editorial desk about the last of October.

Miss Wormeley, the able translator of Balzac, who is soon to publish "The Lily of the Valley," has returned from Europe, and is spending October in Jackson, N. H., hard at work on her translation.

James R. Osgood, who for four years past has been special representative of Harper & Bros. in London, opens a new publishing house in London this autumn. The firm will be known as Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. Both of its members are American, and have worked for the Harpers, whom they will hereafter represent in London.

The *Century* comes of age in the November number, its issue for October completing its twentieth year. Its birthday will be celebrated by an unusually fine number.

Kirk Munroe, the interesting juvenile writer, who usually passes the winter in Florida, as readers of *Harper's Young People* know, is spending the autumn in Cambridge.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett is at Marienbad with her invalid son.

General Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur," writes a small and neat hand, which is as clear and legible as copper-plate.

William H. Rideing, of the *Youth's Companion*, has just returned from London, where he has succeeded in securing some valuable articles from the leading writers of England, both for the *Companion* and the *North American Review*, with which he is connected. The *Youth's Companion* is having a phenomenal circulation, the contract with the printers now calling for 450,000 copies a week. Daniel S. Ford, the "Perry Mason & Co.," is making money rapidly. The first reader of the *Companion* is Mark A. De Wolfe Howe, a Harvard man of the class of '89; the second reader, Mr. Sears, is also a recent graduate of Harvard. Both these gentlemen handle the fiction manuscripts; if they disagree in their verdict, the story passes to an older reader to be pronounced upon. John Hubbard Woodbury, who died September 21 in Cambridge, was for sixteen years assistant editor of the *Youth's Companion*.

It is not generally known that the artist, Mr. Frost, who went with Kennan on all his Siberian adventures and so graphically illustrated his articles for the *Century*, has in North Cambridge his studio, containing the original sketches from life.

Dr. Augustus Le Plongeon, the antiquarian, whose researches and books on Mexican and Indian monuments have thrown much light upon prehistoric times in America, has started on a European trip to rest from the courses of lectures he gave last spring. He is accompanied by his wife, the intrepid woman explorer of Yucatan, whose lectures rival in interest those of her husband. It is hoped that Mme. Le Plongeon, will lecture in Boston this autumn.

The manuscripts of the famous literary men are daily rising in value. The *St. James Gazette* says of recent London sales: "A quarto page of manuscript, containing twenty-four lines in the handwriting of Mr. Dickens, was sold by auction for eleven guineas. The manuscript of Mr. Wilkie Collins' 'Woman in White' was appraised at £320, and that of 'The Moonstone' at £125. The Collins manuscripts produced £1,300, which is more than four times the sum for which the dead novelist's library was lately sold."

The girl students from Julien's studio in Paris still keep up the habit of visiting the tomb of Marie Bashkirtseff in the Russian cemetery on the anniversary of her death, and of laying upon it wreaths of flowers. The remains of this young girl of genius lie in a beautiful sarcophagus of white marble, built in a large chapel of the Byzantine style of architecture.

A scrap-book library is being formed in the Brooklyn library to utilize the material relating to topics of interest which would be lost in the files of the daily papers. Its nucleus was the gathering of a large number of excerpts from the newspapers by H. K. W. Wilcox, a war correspondent. Librarian Bardwell got his assistants to sort the scraps, and they were arranged by subjects and pasted on sheets of uniform size. They are not bound, but are on heavy manila paper, and additions can be made at any time. Those relating to any particular subject are put together in a box, which is properly labelled, and the subjects are arranged in alphabetical order. Besides fifty volumes already made up, with about three hundred and fifty clippings in each, there are three times as many not yet pasted and prepared for use, making a total of over seventy-five thousand clippings.

John B. Stetson, the well-known Philadelphia manufacturer, is the moving spirit in the Keystone Publishing Company, which will engage in the publication of American novels by American writers.

H. C. Bunner's bright "Short Sixes" stories have proved so popular that the publishers of *Puck* will shortly republish them in book form.

George Eliot received from \$40,000 to \$60,000 for each of her later novels.

Queen Victoria is on the eve of publishing another book. It consists of letters written by her husband to the late Emperor William (then Prince Regent of Prussia) and to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

"With love scenes in gasps and death-bed defiance of syntax" is the way Andrew Lang sums up in *The Speaker* a current form of poor novel-writing; and in praising "Two English Girls," a new story, he warns the author—and our authors, too—as follows: "We cannot laugh any more at the hurried sight-seeing of Americans on the Continent, or at young men who wear strange raiment and talk culture; we have laughed till we are tired."

The first prize offered for a story by the McClure Syndicate has been won by Flora Haines Longhead, of San Francisco, author of the remarkable story, "The Man Who Was Guilty," which appeared not long since.

A memorial to the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," has been placed in Tewksbury Abbey, England, containing a medallion portrait of Mrs. Craik. The inscription on the frieze runs: "A tribute to work of noble aim and to a gracious life."

The *Critic* is recording votes for the election of twenty "*Immortelles*," this academy to be composed of the "twenty writers whom our readers deem the truest representatives of what is the best in cultivated American womanhood." The result will be announced October 25.

An enterprising Boston editor recently solicited of Dr. Holmes an original poem, to be paid for at his own price. He called with his little daughter, the story goes, but even then he failed to secure the promise. The poet, however, desired to know if the little girl was familiar with anything he had written. She said she knew "The One-Hoss Shay" by heart, whereupon Holmes wrote out for her the final lines of it, with his autograph appended. She was proud to get this, but her father got nothing.

Dr. Teufel, of Stuttgart, and his bride, Blanche Willis Howard, will make a visit the coming season to the father and friends of the latter at Bangor, Me.

A series of papers on American newspapers will appear in the *Century Magazine* during the coming months. William Henry Smith, manager of the Associated Press, will furnish an article on "The Press as a News Gatherer," and General H. V. Boynton, the well-known Washington correspondent, will be among the contributors to the series.

Joseph Medill, editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, is reputed to be one of the richest newspaper men in the United States, his fortune being estimated at from \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000. He has three daughters, but no son to succeed him in the large business that he has built up. He is sixty-five years of age, and spends from eight to ten hours a day in the *Tribune* office.

Mr. Gladstone makes marginal notes on every book he reads. He reads pencil in hand, marks as he goes along, and makes a sort of index when he is through.

Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian novelist, is said to write so poor a hand that his wife has to copy all his manuscript for him. Evidently she does not believe in typewriters.

Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. are issuing a new and complete issue of the works of James Russell Lowell in the Riverside edition. Literary essays will fill four volumes; political essays, one; literary and political addresses, one; poems, four. Lowell has carefully revised the whole, which will comprise all the writings (some hitherto unpublished) which the author wishes to preserve.

M. Alexandre Chatrian, the well-known French novelist, who wrote in collaboration with Emile Erckmann over the pen-name of Erckmann-Chatrian, is dead.

Barrett Wendell, the talented author of "The Duchess Emilia," master of a singularly pure style, and a critic of unusual acumen, has been spending the summer at New Castle, N. H., busily preparing a course of lectures on "English and Its Use," which will be of unusual value and interest to literary workers. These lectures are to be delivered in the Lowell Institute this season. Mr. Wendell is so well known for his work in English at Harvard that the Boston public is sure in advance that these lectures will possess unusual originality and force.